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ODDITIES OF CARLYLE.

But Men do Differ — *Old Play*.

The Sage of Chelsea, Carlyle, has gained an enduring place in English Literature. If, as Lowell asserts, Parnassus has two peaks, certainly the eminence for prose writers possesses two likewise: one, where mediocrity clusters; the other, where the writers of true ability have a habitation. Carlyle has representations at both stations. Similar to other voluminous writers, the only exception to which is Thackeray, he wrote much that cannot be equal to his best. After this sifting, *Sartor Resartus*, *French Revolution*, *Past and Present*, and *Cromwell*, stand out in bold relief. They are his monumental works. *Frederick the II.* is a great piece of historical composition, but not eligible to the above list. *Chartism* and *Latter Day Pamphlets*, as Fred Harrison says, "are full of eloquence, insight, indignation, and pity. They exerted a wholesome effect on the generation whom they smote as with the warning and rebuke of a prophet; but, as we look back on them after forty or fifty years of experience, we

find in them too much passionate exaggeration, at times a ferocious wrongheadedness, everywhere an utter absence of practical guidance and fruitful suggestion that we cannot reckon these magnificent Jeremiads as permanent masterpieces." The French Revolution has found a greater circle of readers than any of its companions, notwithstanding the author's wrong theories regarding the Revolution, and its inaccuracy in stating history. It is remarkable for its dramatic and descriptive power. *Cromwell* is an effective work. *Heroes and Hero-worship* has strayed into fields which have been better developed by others. *Past and Present* has done much to mould the thought of our time; although the present to which the author referred has been past for more than forty years and its influence will undoubtedly reach into future years. The remainder of his works would not suffice for his fame. There is a semblance of uniform ability in them, and he, at no time, varies between brilliancy and inability sufficiently to be

called "a reed cut short and notched by the god Pan for the production of flute melodies at intervals." His volumes, though produced when the Romantic movement was in full vigor, belong rather to the sociological tendency of our own day. The era of Scott began to wane soon after the appearance of Carlyle. That sympathy for imagination which the period claimed, did not receive a direct check from the works of Carlyle, but it was gradually directed into other channels, until now the dominant note in literature is an enthusiasm for social truths which seem to indicate that

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Rousseau commences his autobiography in this manner: "I am not made like any of those I have seen. I venture to believe myself different from any that exist. If I am not worth more, I am at least different." Carlyle was worth more than many, and also different. There are two qualities in his compositions that distinguish him from the other literary men of his time. The first is a defiant independence, an independence born of dissatisfaction which, it would seem, precludes any possibility of the other, namely the poetical quality. Their union is indeed strange and bears out the statement that he was different from others. His disposition and personality, as breathed into his works, was quaint and eccentric, and this quaintness was not alien to the method of his expression. He wrote in a manner manifestly different from others. Authors have something distinctly individual, which serves as a clue in discerning their productions, but this property is not very extensive. They pursue customs and usages almost severely and their characteristics consists, not so much in digressing from trodden path, but in the various interpretations they put upon the rules which have been formulated for their guidance. Carlyle ran counter to his age in this re-

gard, and traveled a path of his selection. If we remember that, at the time he was issuing his opinions to the world in book form, the prose of Walter Scott was universally accepted as the standard of composition, and that to him was accredited the praise of fostering the Romantic movement, we can more readily estimate Carlyle's independence in composing in a style so dissimilar to that in vogue.

Turn from the beautiful descriptions of Scott, so fluent and accurate that ripple along as a silvery stream, to the stern and rugged expressions of Carlyle that remind one of a river continually jutting and plunging against the rocks in its course, and you can form an idea of the gulf of difference which he interposed between himself and his contemporaries. Scott wrote with equanimity of temper, if we may thus express it, while we generally find Carlyle irritably disposed. Scott's tendency was to sketch in the light color of optimism; Carlyle's, to streak with the murky colors of pessimism. We discover in the "Wizard of the North" a respect for custom, while in nearly all his productions the "Sage of Chelsea" evinces a defiance of custom.

This self-assertion marks not only his thought, but his sentences appear like trophies of antiquity, or fragments of a work in which the effect of passing years is visible. Their grammatical incompleteness, if we may so name his defiance of the rules of grammar etc., is so pronounced, that it at first may deter a reader from entering upon a perusal of his works; but after an acquaintance this peculiarity will be declared an attractive point. If Carlyle had had a nice regard for rules of grammar, that harmony now existing between his ideas and the manner in which they have been wrung into expression, would to a certain extent be destroyed. And can we imagine a style more in conso-

nance with the brusqueness which permeates his works? When we consider the idea and its expression in union, these departures in matter of composition are no grounds upon which to base a disparagement of his productions. This quality augments instead of depreciating them, and we do not believe that Carlyle wantonly sinned against the formalities of composition; but rather aimed at terseness, thinking, with Lowell, that "it is not a great Xerxes army of words, but a compact Greek ten thousand that march safely down to posterity." He had no desire to create monumental sentences that would be productive of pleasure viewed from a literary standpoint; but was impelled to write because he believed his productions would be beneficial to the world. That irresistible *penchant*, common to many, to "emit sparks" among sentences which they consider prismatic, too often contains the cause of their inability to write anything marked by talent. Carlyle was not culpable in this regard. This accounts for that tone of authority in Chartism and Latter Day Pamphlets which poured out unmerciful rebuke upon generations whom they would guide.

He formed an opinion on a great many subjects and was not reticent in clothing them in an air of authority which is characteristic of him. He was invulnerable to criticism; no matter how authoritative, it did not blight his independence nor check his utterances. He possessed the same contempt for it as that which prompted Sidney Lanier to write "what possible claim can contemporary criticism set up to respect; that criticism which drove Dante into a hell of exile, made Shakespeare write the sonnet when in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, gave Milton five pounds for Paradise Lost, kept Samuel Johnson cooling his heels on Lord Chesterfield's doorstep, reviled Shelley as an un-

clean dog, and killed Keats?" Anomalous as it may seem, there is in his volumes a tendency to impress upon others the necessity of maintaining a discreet silence. It has been wittily but truly remarked that Thos. Carlyle endeavored to preach the virtue of silence in forty volumes. The saying of Disraeli, who certainly ran the gamut of experience in this regard, that "A public man is a responsible man and a responsible man is a slave; it is private life that rules the world," is implicitly expressed by Carlyle. It would have been discretion in him to observe the counsel of Marcus Aurelius, who exhorted men to save themselves a world of trouble by having no opinion on a great variety of subjects. True, Carlyle was not a public man in the sense of possessing a public position, but he constantly identified himself with the affairs of his time, and hence rendered himself amenable to blame by teaching silence and practicing the contrary. The confidence which he reposed in himself prompted him to advise many things which his conduct does not warrant that he put into practice; although his digressions in this regard are not sufficient to impugn the sincerity of his remarks. His original and assertive manner is well illustrated in the French Revolution. It may appear that he pandered to English prejudice in sending scorn-tipped arrows at the public men of France, and in making them objects of his ribaldry and caricature; but, beyond cavil of doubt, he considered them guilty of all he imputes to them. This is readily observable if we remember that he excepts Napoleon and Mirabeau from this mockery - men who were equally reprehensible with the rest, and whom Englishmen would include in their condemnation.

After all this grotesqueness, we are hardly prepared for the statement that

Carlyle was a poet, and composed poems which have the structure of prose, but the quality of poetry. Drops of poetry are sprinkled through his writings, but are more or less obscured on account of their prosaical surroundings. Sartor Resartus is a most characteristic work; the French Revolution has the nature of an epic poem. We credit the assertion reluctantly, grounding our hesitation upon the fact that the "Sage of Chelsea" was dry and carping and tended rather to philosophy than to the muses. When we revert to the deep and incisive sarcasm, the rebuke, ribaldry, and pessimism which are evident in his pages, it is with still greater caution that we advance credence to the assertion. But Coventry Patmore, the distinguished poet, essays something surprising in "Religio Poetae."—During most of the centuries, which have elapsed since the beginning of Christianity, the highest imaginative as well as intellectual powers of mankind have been absorbed by Theology and theological Psychology. And I may say without fear of contradiction

from those who are well read in the works of St. Bernard, St. Thomas, St. Francis de Sales, St. John of the Cross, and a score of others like them, that the amount of substantial poetry, of imaginative insight into the liveliest reality to be found in their writings is ten thousand times greater than is to be found in all the poets of the past two thousand years put together. These assertions may seem repellent to reconcile with fact, but the eminence of Patmore obtains at least implicit assent to their correctness. Of course no one would venture to assert that Carlyle had an instinct of fine words which in themselves are pictures and ideas, as did Keats; but under an uncouth exterior much lies hidden. We imagine his writings are dull and speculative, but another poet anticipates us and explains it:

"Looked-for-evils is a greater ill
Than the winged mischief when it comes."

The "looked-for-evil" is engendered by the unusual character of his style and his oddities in general, but vanishes upon inspection.

T. M. CONROY.



THE AGE OF PERICLES.

The land of song and beauty, Greece, with its lovely shores lapped by the waters of the famous Archipelago, seems to have been the favored abode of ancient arts and sciences. There, under the care of the susceptible children of beautiful Hellas, they flourished and attained a perfection which can only be imitated but never surpassed by modern generations. In admiring the wonders of Hellenic achievements, we naturally propose to ourselves

the question, "Have the Greeks been a nation especially privileged by Providence? What happy circumstances made them triumph over the geniuses of all countries and all times?"

Oriental nations, surrounded by the lovely scenes and luxurious vegetation of the tropical regions and spending their leisure hours beneath the cooling shade of lofty palms, are by nature endowed with a keen sense of the beautiful; but energy, one of

man's most valuable treasures, is amongst them a faculty enervated by lethargic habits. On the other hand the disposition of northern people is modified by the physical condition of their country. Nature did not endow them with the susceptibility of Orientals, but an energetic disposition is the recompense of the former defect. Greece is, as it were, in the golden mean between the above mentioned extremities. With its mild climate, its azure sky, and pleasant varieties of scenes, it seems to have been destined from the very days of Creation to become the habitation of a people who, by their natural beauty as well as by their intelligence and energy, may justly be called the nobility of the human race. Climates and environments, indeed, influence the development of a nation and its character. Where, however, laziness and insolence are the distinctive traits of a people; where fanaticism and contempt for alien nations rule predominant; where degraded customs and corrupted morals weaken the faculties of mind and body; there science and arts will leave a people perish in the dismal swamp of immorality, and will seek a house more worthy of their noble purpose. The more intelligent and gifted a nation is, the more independent it will become of the physical condition of its country.

The ideals of nations proceed generally from their respective religions. Man naturally desires to have the object of his veneration constantly before his mind. Our Teutonic forefathers adorned their gods beneath the gloomy shade of the primeval forest, believing their deities to be present in the mighty pillars that sustained the verdant vaults of impenetrable foliage. From the superstitious cultus of the ancient Egyptians arose that singular combination of human and animal forms, the mysterious sphynx. Fortunately, the gods of the Grecians owed their existence

to the pen of a Homer. He represented them as beautiful beings partaking of the nature of a god and man. They lived among mortals; sympathized with one, hated the other, free from the restraints of natural existence; in a word, they were eternal beings with human forms and sentiments. Thus the pure imagination of the king of bards furnished the Hellenic geniuses with those correct ideals for which even our refined age possesses nothing but admiration. Homer's inspired verses gave to Phidius the sublime idea to his Jupiter and the heroes of the Iliad, and Odysseus assumed visible forms under the master-brushes of Apollodorus and Zeuxis. Moreover, the belief that artistic productions are pleasing to the gods; that beautiful beings in graceful attitudes charm the eyes of immortals; were powerful incentives to the promotion of arts. As a natural consequence of this belief, there arose in every Hellenic city those magnificent temples, noted for their simplicity and purity of style which exhibited the correct taste of their architects. Since in the Grecian republic everything was conducted in the name of the people, nothing was too precious which could contribute to the glory of their own name and the honor of their gods. Rich citizens would often bequeath immense sums of money for public purposes, whilst their private dwellings did not in the least differ from the humble mansions of their fellow citizens. Their riches concentrated especially in the numerous precious temples and other public works, the construction of which gave the Hellenic geniuses ample opportunities to gain immortal palms.

Pericles taking advantage of this singular condition of the people, succeeded in elevating the years of his happy reign to an epoch whose well deserved name "The first golden age" will ever be recorded in fulgent letters on the pages of history.

During this age, we behold that marvelous outburst of genius directing the course of arts and sciences of all subsequent ages. Artists elicited admiration by their faultless creations; poets joined in the noble strife for the laurel wreath; the powerful minds of the greatest philosophers contributed greatly to the general development of sciences; prominent historians engaged to hoard up invaluable treasures of historical information. In fact, nature seemed to have lavished all her gifts on the children of a single generation.

This glorious age exercises its influence down to the present day. Greece, it is true, has yielded the palm to modern times in many scientific matters; but in the dominion of the beautiful, as for instance in sculpture, they really stand unrivaled. If the fragments which we possess of Hellenic sculpture serve even at the present day as models of beauty and taste, what must have been the creations of Phidius, of whose excellent productions we unfortunately are not in possession of the least specimen. As remains of Grecian paintings are entirely wanting, it is impossible to compute the height of perfection which this art attained among the masters of the beautiful. The decorations of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which are supposed to be based on Grecian models, may give us perhaps some faint idea of Grecian painting.

Turning our attention to poetry, it would be unjust to confine ourselves to the Periclean age alone; for at that epoch the magnificent figures of a Homer and Pindar had vanished behind the curtain of oblivion; and who would have conceived the idea of becoming their rivals? Nevertheless, they may be considered important factors both during the age of Pericles and our own century. Homer's sublime verses were to the Greeks what the Bible is to us, and our present generation refers to them

as a standard of taste. Dramatic poetry reached the zenith of glory during the golden age. Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, have transmitted to us models of dramatic art.

The names of the greatest philosophers add another importance to this glorious epoch. Socrates and Plato astonished Athens with their most sublime theories at which man without the knowledge of God could possibly arrive. Aristotle, the most profound thinker and the teacher of Alexander, not only benefited philosophy in general, but all the then known sciences. Though many theories and principles of these mighty intellects are wrong, yet the benefit which modern times derive from them cannot be disregarded. The historical works of a Herodotus and Thucydides are of inestimable value—without them the history of ancient Greece and many other countries would be a fabled legend.

Thus we see that the sons of Hellas had become the teachers of the world. Though the vestiges of centuries are imprinted on the tombs of Homer and Pindar, yet the influence of these great geniuses becomes daily more apparent. One of the most precious pearls of English literature "Paradise Lost" is indirectly derived from Grecian sources. Milton undoubtedly obtained many of his sublime ideas from Dante, who in turn drew his inspirations from Virgil, and where, perhaps, would be the productions of the latter without the existence of a Homer?

The lyrical songs of Pindar have found their way to our ears through the lyre of Horace, whose melodious strains found responsive chords in the hearts of Keats, Shelley, and Moore, "the sweet son of song."

The power of the Greeks has not perished. Their sway is not an external but an internal and intellectual one. They are

the lords in the dominions of the beautiful. Their reign lasts not only a few centuries; but through all times the friend of arts and sciences will bow his head in humble acknowledgement to a Homer, a Phidius, and an Aristotle. As long as science will be the pride of human intellect, as long as

beauty will be the fountain of pure joy; so long will the names of Hellas and Athens be mentioned with love and veneration, and the fame of its accomplishments will resound through all ages.

GERMAIN C. HEIMBURGER, '97.

THE AGE OF LOUIS THE XIV.

It would almost seem that a monarchical form of government is most favorable to the cultivation of literature and the art, as they have always flourished most under the munificent patronage of a learned and high-minded prince. History bears us out in our statement; for not until the vast power of Greece was centered in one man, the renowned Pericles, not until Caesar Augustus had seized the reins of the Roman government in his mighty grasp, did the fine arts in these two countries reach that eminent degree of perfection to which posterity will always look back in unabating admiration to the end of time. These are the two golden ages of paganism that have proved to modern eras inexhaustible fountains of classical lore. In literature, Homer, the old bard of Hellas, and later the Mantuan poet, are like two large torches on which hundreds of other poets have lighted their tapers, becoming thus bright luminaries of the ages in which they lived.

But there are also two other golden ages, when the darkness of heathendom had already given way to the penetrating rays of Bethlehem's brilliant star. The one was under Pope Leo the X. in Italy, the other under Louis the XIV. of France. This latter age claims our attention in particular for this is the last of the golden ages, and the world today is still indebted

to this period of extraordinary culture.

During the Protestant Reformation letters and arts had been comparatively neglected in most of the countries of Europe. The continental muses were well-nigh silence-smitten, owing to the political upheavals and fermentations and the incessant wars among the powers and petty princes.

France, however, was happy to see at this period the great Richelieu at her head, who grappled with the tottering forces of the empire and laid the foundation to the greatness that marked the reign of Louis the XIV. Already in the latter part of the seventeenth century we see a sudden outburst of genius arise in France, with a splendor almost unparalleled in history and which, casting its golden rays far abroad, dazzled the whole literary world. Then it was that numberless muses hovered around the Parisian Parnassus, laying the rare and delicate seed of genius into the craving hearts of their favorite sons. Many geniuses now gathered in France devoting themselves to all the fine arts. Paris became the centre of the intellectual force of Europe in every regard, and was invested with a cosmopolitan character which made the French the diplomatic language of the courts and political societies; just as the Greek language was once the medium of communication of the cultivated world.

All this is, due in a large measure, to the great energy which Louis the XIV. developed in making Paris another Rome. He protected and cherished learning and sciences by establishing so many academies that soon became the nurseries of general learning throughout Europe. The French Academy, says Hallam, stood very high in public esteem and a voluntary deference was commonly shown to its authority.

Let us now throw a cursory glance at the brightest luminaries that shone in the realms of literature. To these ardent literati Louis the XIV. proved to be the ideal critic of Pope when that author says:

"The generous critic fanned the poet's fire
And taught the world with reason to admire."

The poets were admired by the king as well as by the people. Corneille, the first bright star of this galaxy of poets, was an eminent dramatist. The heroism and sublimity that speak most obviously through the characters of his dramas have inspired many a poet with lofty thoughts and designs. It is this heroism and nobility of character in which only the higher traits of man's character are represented and the commonplace actions and sentiments are suppressed, that distinguish the French from the English dramatists.

Next comes Racine another giant in this field of literature, who mastered an exquisite style and whose female characters that have, as a great writer observes, the ideal grace and harmony of ancient sculpture, have served as models to dramatists down to our own day. A critic has said of him, that the French let foreigners praise their other great writers and they themselves admire and love them, but they praise Racine alone on account of his faultless phraseology and Attic perspicuity.

Moliere devoted himself almost exclusively to the comedy. Undoubtedly, he is the greatest comic writer in the French lan-

guage. He reached the very acme of his art. With genuine satire he lashes the vices and follies prevalent in his time, but virtue is ever sacred to him. When Louis the XIV. asked Boileau, whom he considered the most original writer of that time, that author's answer was: Moliere.

If such men as these devoted themselves to the drama, what wonder then if the French theatre was advanced to a very high standard. Indeed the French theatre was considered the best, and French rules, customs and fashions in theatrical performances, were introduced in every part of Europe. Betterton, who was for a time called the English Roscius, was sent over to France to take a view of the theatre there in order to improve the English theatre. One improvement of paramount importance that could be mentioned here was the introduction of movable scenes which rendered the productions on the stage more lively and intelligible to the audience. Lafontaine enriched the French literature with his most beautiful fables in all of which a pleasing naivete and innocent pleasantry form salient characteristics. His is the fame of having rescued the genius of an Aesop from the Lethian flood by again placing the fable on an honorable position in the literary realm. Since his fables appeared, Lafontaine has found many ardent admirers and zealous devotees in every language.

Boileau, in whom, as it were, the taste of Louis the XIV. was personified, was the most eminent critic; taking Horace for his model, as Pope says,

"And Boileau still in right of Horace sways."

He did exercise sway over the literary world. Long afterward his excellent work "Art of Poetry" served Pope as a model in writing his Essay on Criticism; and it may be safely said that the trend of English

thought has been influenced more by French minds than vice versa. One of the greatest and most brilliant critics of English literature, though not the most reliable, Taine, was a Frenchman. The rules of poetry laid down by Boileau are considered as correct, and poets feeling the spark of genius burn in their bosom and eager to mount the Pegasus have taken him as a trustworthy guide on their long and hazardous journey.

Bossuet and Fenelon were the most prominent historians and theologians. Bossuet's sermons are today still held up as models in sacred eloquence. Not only the vast domes of Europe do as yet resound with his powerful sermons, but their echo has long been wafted over the wide space of the Atlantic by the breeze of fame, and is now reiterating in the huge and magnificent cathedrals of the new world. A prominent German historian says of him, that, had Bossuet lived in 1789, the world would never have witnessed that dire spectacle which opened up on Paris in this year.

Fenelon's *Telemach* speaks for itself, being known and admired everywhere. A classical spirit permeates the pages of this exquisite work. It is a grand piece of poetry covered by the veil of modest prose. Hardly can there be found a book more universally read than this. Moreover, thousands of scholars applying themselves to the French language, have used it as a textbook ever since it appeared. They lift this veil of prose and setting their imagination at work, soon find themselves transported into a grand garden of beauty in which they roam about in exuberant delight, culling the choicest blossoms of poetry.

These were the principal men in literature; but there is yet a great number of minor poets who all helped vigorously to enhance the French literature with their

exquisite productions. But as they were so much eclipsed by their contemporaries who were like giants in literature compared to them, they are generally neglected by posterity.

On painters and sculptors, too, did the French Augustus lavish his favors and honors. Paris was at that time the Munich of today. The works of art that this age produced, bear the stamp of genius. The grand and beautiful ideas expressed in most of these master-pieces have inspired artists with lofty designs and have boldly directed their brush while painting. Some of these pictures decorated the walls of the stately Art Gallery at the World's Fair, and forcibly bade the passer-by to stop and gaze with awe and admiration at their transcendent beauty.

In this age, too, magnificent structures and monuments arose in Paris studding the public squares and boulevards of that city. They proudly proclaim the fame of Louis the XIV. and bear ample proof to what degree of perfection architecture was carried.

To all this, there still remains to be added a host of profound philosophers that astonished the world by advancing so many startling theories. They battled with the most difficult questions and sounded the mysterious depths of subtle nature. Some of their theories are perhaps today discarded; but in nowise can it be gainsaid that they all gave a strong and lasting impulse to modern philosophy.

We shall conclude this article with the remark of a French critic, that it is the privilege of the French mind to be, more than any other, the expression of the human mind, that it has more of the special qualities, more of the good sense and general ideas that are common to man, as man, than any typical mind recognized in history.

GERARD G. HARTJENS, '97.

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EDITORIAL.

Our Christmas number will appear a day or two before the students leave for their vacation. Its Christmas stories, we hope, will add one more pleasure to the ever new and sweet joys which the celebration of the birth of Jesus brings to young and old.

In response to our invitation, four students have written a symposium on those periods of history known as the golden ages, in which learning and the arts attained a high degree of excellence, influencing and overshadowing subsequent ages, as well as shedding lustre upon their own nations and the times, and conferring undying fame upon those men of genius and their illustrious patrons that have made them glorious. Some might wish to see the four articles in one issue, but this might be tedious to others and would also take away the variety which should grace every College journal; we have, therefore, inserted but two essays and shall publish the remaining two in a following number.

On Thanksgiving day we are shown back to those days when our glorious Union, with the exception of a few cultivated spots along the Atlantic, was still covered with one vast virgin forest. The changes and vicissitudes that our country has been subject to since that remote date; the different early settlements; the strifes and wars against the mother country: all passes before our mind. We behold people from every quarter of the civilized world flock to our shores, to enjoy that inestimable liberty held out to all; at last we arrive again at our own time and view outspread before our eyes the grandest country as our *patria*. Indeed, after such considerations we see what reasons there are for us today to thank the Almighty who has made us in so short a period one of the greatest nations of the globe.

That student who devotes all his time to the study for which he has a predilection, neglecting the others because his taste or interest does not drift in their paths, makes a serious mistake. However diligently he applies his time to the sole pursuit of his pet studies, he can never

effect a developed but merely a dwarfed mind. There is a science in education. This science carried out to perfection consists in the harmonious development of the various mental powers. Although we find no perfection in reality, all true education should tend in the direction of perfection. Hence, he who neglects history, or mathematics, or any other study conducive to the exercising of any mental activity, is instrumental in producing baneful effects upon his own mind; he frustrates the very object that he intends to accomplish.

That Grecian and Roman art was greatly conducive to the ennobling of the human race cannot so easily be affirmed, as the earlier productions in the poetry of both nations were but a creation and manufacture of gods, thereby leading people away from the knowledge of the true God, the God of Paradise; and their sculpture and painting greatly contributed to make both nations the most lascivious of men. But it must be borne in mind, that Grecian and Roman art, poetry as well as painting and sculpture, constitutes a most valuable and inexhaustible treasure, from which the art of subsequent ages draws freely. It may be said with some truth that the people of our own age are benefitted as much by Grecian and Roman arts as the Grecians and Romans themselves, while its pernicious effects do not reach us. Again, the influence of the French Period upon English thought must not be overestimated; for it did not materially effect the thought of the English mind of genius as regards soundness and depth. It must be borne in mind, too, that the trend of popular literature in France was lamentably perverted by the school of infidelity

established soon after the brilliant period of Louis the XIV.

Beginning with March the 4th, the will of the majority which was once more made known at the elections, will formulate the laws of the country. Many were the young men that had flung themselves into the political palestra during the presidential campaign, anxious to render some service to their party. Age, however, debarred them from assisting their cause at the polls and they had to stand by and could only watch the Olympian games, or decisive contest, which was in reality a struggle of millions against millions for the prosperity of a great country. We must say that our patriotism, and let us suppose that of every young man in the country, was roused by the noble sight which presented itself at the close of the contest. Not only did the defeated party abide by the issue of the combat without protest, but with a hearty good will it pledged itself to assist the other party in securing the prosperity of their common country, whenever they could agree as to the means towards reaching this end. Till such a common means be found, the defeated party will say to the victors: "Your means are wrong, and ours are right." The Editor of our local Republican paper, in his comments on the election has expressed a sentiment which should be the reply of the successful party: "We know that our means are the right ones to secure prosperity, and our prosperity is your prosperity, whether you know it or not." The government of a people who can boast of the civic virtues envinced by the citizens of this country at the elections, can be but strong and stable, the croakings of a few selfish politicians notwithstanding. This nation is even greater than the country which it inhabits.

THAT THANKSGIVING GAME.

The oblique shafts of a September sun were tinseling the "first fair liveried woods of autumn" in a sea of mellow glory, as a youth of seventeen summers left the neat little station-house in the village of Lake. A tinge of sadness now and then flitted across his countenance, set in a frame of luxurious hazel hair, and rendered complete in every detail by eyes of coal black hue. The ample folds of a homespun suit were not capable of concealing his well-knit, athletic form, whose every movement was executed with grace.

"Hello!" said our new friend as he abruptly turned a corner, "what's the trouble here?" This question was elicited by a heterogenous mass of legs and arms and some conspicuous puzzles of woolen patches. After a few moments' labor he succeeded in extracting a small bunch of future manhood from the pile, a shaggy little fellow, who replied when questioned concerning the cause of such a vigorous encounter, "Butcher swiped me apple, so I plugged him. D'ye see, Cully?" At this Butcher bristled up, and fell back into the most approved position for a parry or swing. Richard Wayne, such was our friend's name, appeased him with two enormous pippins produced from the mysterious recesses of a modest carpet-bag. In the mean time the little gladiator had discovered by the tag on Richard's valise that he was bound for Warren Academy situated in a grove of stout old oaks about one mile north of the village. "Carry your grip, sir?" Richard, whose financial condition would not warrant the extravagance, declined the proffered aid. Having learned

the route, Richard set out, and after a few minutes of brisk walking, espied the towers of the college, rising above the trees already mentioned, and also a group of boys, evidently in earnest consultation. Coming up to the group, he was taken in hand by one of them, King Cole, by name, who informed him that the position of right and left half-back were to be competed for at 5:30 sharp, which caused the large gathering. Wayne, with true rustic pluck, determined to enter the race and put his best foot forward. In a few minutes about fifteen had lined up for the start. Among others there was one of a sallow face, who seemed to hold the late arrival in great contempt. "Look at 'Much Pants,' I wonder if the guy intends to win." This and various sallies but added fuel to Richard's dislike of the offensive stranger, whom the boys greeted as Victor Vane. The clear voice of King, the captain of the eleven, rang out the word of command, and off they started, every face the picture of eager enthusiasm. About fifty yards from the break-off, ten dropped out, and it was evident that the race lay between Richard and two others. Of the two, the first, Harry Wright, who was a stocky, good-natured lad, the onlookers cheered lustily as he gradually drew to the fore; the other, Victor Vane, had run prettily at the start, but a lack of staying qualities now began to tell on him. Wayne, having the advantage of well developed lungs and spurred on by the taunts of his adversary, redoubled his exertions and succeeded in gaining on him inch by inch, foot by foot, till at last he came abreast of him and then with a mag-

nificent spurt crossed the line a close second to Wright. The ovation that followed was deafening. Richard and Harry were carried about in triumph till the supper-bell rang, when all repaired thither, shouting and congratulating one another on the acquisition of so formidable a half. Supper over, the newcomer was assigned a room with Harry Wright, to his own and the latter's great joy.

During the lapse of the next few weeks, "Dick", as he was now familiarly termed, became a great player under King's skillful coaching. Warren joined the academy association of rugby elevens. This league consisted of eight teams, each team playing eight games. The games resulted in seven Warren victories. Wooster, a competing college, had as many games to its credit, thus tying Warren for first place. At a meeting of delegates chosen for the purpose by both institutions, it was agreed to play the decisive game on Thanksgiving day on the Warren gridiron. As there still remained one week until that date, the team went into harder practice than ever before, and was assisted by many stratagems, devised by the triumvirate, the name given to Harry, Dick, and King. Two days before the final game, Victor Vane left the school.

Thanksgiving day dawned clear and crisp, and Richard was up with the first gray streaks of light, to ascertain the condition of the morning which ushered in the eventful day. Hastily dressing, he dashed into the open air to take his usual two mile run. Spinning lightly along a narrow path, he was indulging in dreams of breaking the Wooster line, when he was suddenly seized from the rear, gagged, bound hand and foot, before he was able to utter a cry. His assailants lifted him into a wagon, and drove rapidly for about ten minutes, halting before a deserted barn completely surrounded by woods. Into

this barn he was carried, when the same stout hand which had first grasped him, now unloosed the cords revealing to Richard's eyes a man of rough appearance and huge proportions. Without saying a word, the stranger locked the door and joined his companions. Desirous of seeing the latter, Richard looked through a crack, and as they vanished into the forest, thought he recognized Victor Vane. An examination of his prison convinced him that every avenue was barred. Several vain attempts to force the door being made, he at last sank to the floor from sheer exhaustion, determined calmly to await his release. Thus he sat for a few hours, that seemed to him an age, when prolonged cheering and the Wooster yell coming from the direction of the grounds told him that the visitors had scored. Scarcely had the echo died away when some one breathing heavily approached the barn. A few hard blows sufficed to break the lock; the door swung back and there stood Willie Malone, the hero of the village fight. With a bound Wayne sped past him. Arrived at the field, he lost no time in donning a suit, and appeared amid the mad joy of the Warren supporters in time for the second half.

Now ensues a battle royal. The traitor Vane is playing half for Wooster. For twenty-five minutes, they surge up and down the field in a vain endeavor to score. There are five minutes more of play with the ball in Wooster's possession and on Warren territory. Quick as a flash, the ball is passed to Vane, who skirts right end like a whirl-wind with no one to stop his progress. But, no, Richard, comparatively fresh, is in hot pursuit, and at last throws him with a ferocious tackle. Stunned by the fall, Victor drops the ball. Grasping it, "Dick" goes down the field behind King's interference. But a few seconds remain. Dropping the sphere lightly to the ground, he kicks a thirty-five yards' goal

from field, changing defeat into victory just as the whistle sounds. The first to offer congratulations was Willie Malone. Eager to become acquainted with the events, which had effected his release, Richard escaped from his throng of admiring and enthusiastic friends to hear Willie's story. The preceding evening, Willie was trying the ice under a small bridge in the outskirts of the village, while two men were engaged in an animated conversation above. One who proved to be Victor himself, was paying an agreed stipulation to his accomplice, in consideration of the service to be rendered on the morrow. In transferring it, he mentioned that the "governor" had refused his demand for "dust," and consequently he had been forced to appropriate the amount from his desk. While saying this, a white note fluttered to the ground. Willie, who mean-while had been an attentive listener, picked it up and on examining it found the name, John Wayne. They now moved away. Willie by straining every nerve had managed to catch the words, "Hill's barn," and a few other unintelligible sentences. With the intention of giving his find to Richard on the following afternoon, Willie hastened home. Hearing of Richard's absence, the meaning of the scene on the bridge flashed upon him. Dashing off, he arrived not a

moment too soon. Concluding, Willie handed the missive to Wayne. In all his life, he was never more surprised than by the expression on Richard's face after reading the letter. Tears came into his eyes while reading and with unbounded joy he grasped Willie's hand explaining the cause of his emotion. As has been seen, Victor in taking the money, had also taken this document, and unknowingly dropped it over the bridge. This brief proved to be a deed written by John Wayne, Richard's father, conveying his estate to his wife, and proving false the statement of bankruptcy, made after John Wayne's death by Mr. Vane, who was at that time his associate in business. During fifteen years he had preserved the deed, intending to restore it on his death-bed, but Providence had ordained a speedier restitution. The news of Richard's good fortune spread like wild fire through the academy. Even the snobs would now be his friends. The next day, Richard is again at the depot impatient to board the train. A few more hours, and the patient toil and sacrifice of a dear mother will be rewarded. Five years after these events, Richard is known as one of the most promising young lawyers in Boston, and Willie Malone is an under-graduate at Warren.

THOMAS PARNELL TRAVERS, '99.



SOCIETIES.

C. L. S.—At their regular meeting held Sunday, Nov. 15th, the following officers were elected: President, Jas. F. Connelly; Vice-president, Edward Vogel; Secretary, Germaine Heimburger; Treasurer, Thomas McLoughlin; Critic, William Sullivan; Editor, Herman Fehrenbach; Marshal, Gabriel Cotter; Executive Committee, Alphons Roth, Didacus Brachman, Thomas Travers.

Military.—For weeks the all-absorbing topic of the students' conversation was the military entertainment. As this was the first departure from the battalion's custom of rendering exhibition drills before others than the students, it was regarded by some as a hazardous undertaking. All fears were soon dispelled, for everyone worked with a will, and long before the evening of the 18th enough tickets had been disposed of to insure a grand success. At last the evening when the efforts of all were to be crowned with success did come, and long before the curtain had risen the auditorium was filled to overflowing by the friends of St. Joseph's. The program was rendered as follows:

Czarina—Rathburn.....Military Band.
Company Drill.....Walz Cadets.
Recitation—The Raven...Gabriel M. Cotter.
Sword Drill..Bœbner Columbian Guards.
Artist's Life—I. Strauss.....Orchestra.
Comic Drill.....Collegeville Zouaves.
Vocal Music.....College Glee Club.
Select Gun Manual..Seifert Light Guards.
La Murette de Portici—Piano Duet,....
.....A. Weyman and V. Schuette.

RENSSELAER IMMIGRANTS.

Cast of Characters.

Sam Gros—A darkey field hand....
.....J. Engesser.

Joe Cope—A darkey coachman.. A. Roth.
Ezra Slocum—A Yankee settler
.....A. C. Riester.
Billy Green—Ezra's cook.....
.....T. M. McLoughlin.
Ben Slocum—Ezra's cousin from Bos-
ton..... J. Steinbrunner.
Joe Buck—A frontiersman. ...J. Bœke.
Grand Finale—National Potpourri...
Heinecke..... Military Band.

Adj. Mungovan elicited rounds of applause and laughter by his excellent reading and still more excellent "jokes." Judging by the Tattler's initial number it is to be hoped its career may not be an ephemeral one.

It is a fact conceded by all that to our knickerbocker company, the Walz Cadets, special praise is due for having raised their standard far above any hitherto attained by their predecessors.

Mr. Cotter in his rendition of "The Raven" eclipsed all efforts ever made on our stage. As an encore he recited a humorous piece, "The Bachelor's Auction."

The sword drill was in every way a success; but it was the "Zouaves" who distinguished themselves most of all by their brave appearance and the uniformity with which they executed the complicated commands.

The Seifert Light Guards under their able commander fully sustained the squad's reputation which is, as every one knows, saying not a little and it looks as if they intended to carry the colors another year.

Often have our colored brethren entertained us but never to greater advantage than in this their last appearance. They portrayed to us Rensselaer of yore and we wonder what pioneer informed them of her infancy so minutely. To say that those solos were charming, is but expressing it vaguely indeed. Mr. Roth certainly had a thorough

conception of a "cullud" sport and displayed his "powful" education in its best light.

Thus passed a most enjoyable evening, the memory of which will linger with us long.

F. S.

THE MILITARY BANQUET.

Amid the merry din of knives and forks, joyous laughter, happy toasts, and with the best wishes of their many friends, the College Battalion brought to a close what has been to them a month of brilliant and repeated success. After their praiseworthy efforts before the footlights on the evening of the eighteenth, they might have been excused from further obligation to entertain; but they were desirous of celebrating the success of the play, and selected Thanksgiving as the best time, and a banquet as the most appropriate way, of doing so.

The function began at 5:30 P. M. when the doors of the north refectory were thrown open and the Battalion conducted their guests, the members of the Faculty and the "civilians" of Collegeville, to their assigned places. The scene that opened upon their gaze as they entered was indeed a pretty one, and will be pleasantly remembered by all who were present. The walls were tastefully decorated with large streamers of college colors and American flags, hanging in graceful folds; the tables were entirely covered with fruits and flowers; and soft lights cast a beautiful effect upon the whole picture.

After the company had done justice for an hour or more to the delicate viands served to them by attendants who, for the time, had donned the garb of a waiter

instead of a soldier, Major Eberle called for order and in his usual happy manner proposed the toasts of the evening. They were responded to as follows: Our Rev. Rector, Wm. D. Sullivan; Our College, Adj. Edw. J. Mungovan; the St. Joseph's College Battalion, Lieut Albert C. Riester; the Seifert Light Guards, Lieut. Jos. Engesser; the Waltz Cadets, Capt. Thos. P. Travers; the Collegeville Zouaves, Edw. Vogel; Our Country, Fr. J. Koch. Fathers Augustine, Paulinus, Maximilian, Bonaventure, and Stanislaus then spoke a few encouraging and complimentary words to the soldier hosts, and the banquet came to an end. It was altogether a most enjoyable affair and reflected much credit upon Major Eberle and his corps of assistants, to whom as Father Augustine so well said, the success of the evening was entirely due. The Collegian thinks so too, and hopes with the Rev. Rector that the occasion was but the first of many more to follow.

W. S.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The following are among the latest publications in current literature and may be obtained from the Messrs. Benziger Bros., New York: Ethelred Preston, or the Adventures of a Newcomer, by Father Finn. (Price \$0.85.) Catholic Ceremonies, by the Abbe Durand (Price, Paper, \$0.25; Cloth, \$0.50.) The Crown of Mary, in different bindings (from \$0.60 to \$1.50.)

We are glad to see Ethelred Preston in book form. It was hailed with delight when it appeared as a serial in *Our Young People*, and suffered nothing by being com-

pared with the earliest stories of its author, Father Finn. As in most of the preceding ones, the scene is laid in a college and exhibits the phases of boarding-school life as they are best known to be by those who have experienced them. No doubt, Father Finn's success may be attributed in a great measure to that happy faculty he possesses of describing boys as they really are. We recognized in his heroes the genuine American boys we have met everywhere-except in print-strong and courageous, cheerful in disposition, and manly enough to acknowledge a fault and endeavor to correct it. Father Finn's stories are fulfilling the long felt want of popular reading for Catholic boys, and are exerting a wholesome influence over them besides. A perusal of Ethelred Preston will soon convince one of this fact.

Under the title of Catholic Ceremonies comes a little volume whose praiseworthy mission, as its name indicates, is to explain the forms, ceremonies, and liturgical prayers used in the public service of the Church. In the first part of the book the author takes up successively the altar, the vestments of the sacred ministers, the vessels, etc., of the ceremonial; all of which are treated from the point of their symbolical and spiritual meaning, and are at times more clearly elucidated by a reference to their history. The second part explains the Vespers, the significance of the psalms and anthems. Part third deals with the principal feasts of the ecclesiastical year. The book is copiously illustrated with cuts of articles pertaining to the sanctuary, and, taken all in all, cannot fail to be instructive, especially to Non-Catholics. The publishers are aware of this and are prepared to furnish it at half price when quantities are ordered. Catholics could do untold good by placing such books of instruction in the hands of their Protestant friends. Let them not fail, however, to peruse the Ceremonies themselves.

It contains much instruction and information for even the best informed, and a thorough knowledge would make the beautiful practices of the Church all the more loved and appreciated.

The Crown of Mary, a Complete Manual of Devotion to the Blessed Virgin, is a beautiful tribute to the Mother of God. Books of this kind have become so numerous of late years that a new one must be able to lay claims to special merits of its own to justify its publication. Such is the case with the Crown of Mary, for besides combining with the characteristics of the ordinary prayer book, the Little Office, explanations of the scapular and the rosary, and the more common forms of devotion to Mary, it has other features that command attention. Chief among these are the meditations for the principal feasts, the proper Mass and Vespers of the B. V. M., with an appendix of different collects, secrets, and post communions; novenas and devotions for the month of May. The clear type, heavy initial letters of the text, and the handsome bindings, add not a little to the beauty and value of the manual.

EXCHANGES.

The Abbey Student, one of our most entertaining and welcome exchanges, promises henceforth to double its visits. Its editorials and exchange column are worthy of note. Judging from the work of the Ex-man, we look upon him as a discriminating critic and his criticisms as models involving acute judgment.

The St. Vincent's College Student from its distant home beyond the Rockies is a parvenu among our exchanges. The November number contains several short but well penned essays. We have perused its

different departments, and not wishing to depreciate or speak disparagingly of the Student, we think there is scope for much improvement.

Few of our academic exchanges can vie with the *Agnesian Monthly*. Its forte is the articles of the literary merit. Considering the conspicuous literary talent at Mount St. Agnes, we are prone to believe that the *Agnesian Monthly* is rather parsimonious with its productions. We should like to see its pages increase in number.

The St. Vincent's Journal, accoutred in a new becoming garment, bids fair to maintain a prominent position at the van of the college journals. We like its cheerful, sprightly, and modest disposition. Its tenor reveals no supercilious bearing or pedantry; nor do the articles it tenders fall below the level of mediocrity. The Journal happily seems to possess the nucleus of a college paper. In the October number the leading article on Robert Southwell commands special mention. "The Physical Condition of Happiness" in the November number is too exclusively didactic in style.

The Mission Indian has again taken its place among our exchanges. We wondered why it stayed or strayed away so long. The latest issue contains an article dealing with the education of youth. The paper is, indeed, fulfilling a noble mission and merits cordial recognition.

I. Z.

PERSONALS.

Rev. Father Roemer spent Nov. the 4th, with us.

Mrs. E. P. Hammond of Lafayette, was a guest at the College last month.

Mr. Bernhard Heckman, one of our normal students during the last scholastic year, is at

present with his brother, the Rev. Pius Heckman of Temple, Texas. He is enjoying good health and is now delighted with his southern home.

Father Frederic Schalk, C. PP. S., was present at the dedication of St. Lawrence's Church at Lafayette, Ind., Nov. 8th.

Very Rev. Provincial Henry Drees, C. PP. S. and Rev. Joseph Heitz, C. PP. S. of Burkettsville, Ohio, honored us with a visit about the first of the month.

We are informed that Mr. Christian Claas, who was continuing his classical studies at St. Francis', Milwaukee, Wis., has returned to his home at Klaasville, Ind.

It affords us much pleasure to be able to inform our friends that Mr. J. F. Cogan is fast recovering from his recent relapse of typhoid fever. He is staying at his home at Glynwood, Ohio.

Joseph Abel, '96, who had commenced his seminary course at St. Francis', Milwaukee, Wis., has left that institution on account of ill health brought about by climate influences and is now continuing his philosophical studies at St. Mary's, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Father Mark Hamburger, C. PP. S., conducted services at Marion, Ind., on All Saints and also on the following Sunday, the pastor Rev. William Quinlan being unable to officiate on account of illness. Since then Rev. Augustine Seifert C. PP. S., has conducted the services there. The energy of the pastor is manifested in a beautiful church which is now nearing completion.

While Father Paulinus Trost, C. PP. S., was experimenting, the fingers of his right hand were severely injured by an explosion of chemicals, Oct. the 29th. The severity of his injuries forced him to abandon all class-work and repair to St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Lafayette, Ind., where he remained two weeks. He has now recovered from his injuries and again teaches his regular classes.

LOCALS.

Boys, patronize our local advertisers.

Only three weeks until Christmas vacation.

Cheer up, boys, America will have its golden age too, it's already dawning.

Little Nicholas recently asked of Germain the favor to paint a landscape scene in life size.

Zeno gave a hint to one of the editors to get a good old *yoke* on him some time or other. Thy wish shall ere long be fulfilled.

Trying to memorize the tenses of *alexo*, Alexander was of late frequently heard to repeat: "Alex, oh; Alex says so; Alex — Amen.

The other day Felix made the discovery that migration tends toward the west, because the earth turning east, everybody tries to keep on top.

The Major says bicycles were used before the Christian era, as Cicero speaks of one in his oration against Catiline: "Quousque tandem abutere?" How long wilt thou abuse my tandem?

Students wishing to show their parents or friends how they are faring at College, can do so by having themselves photoed at the Pavilion gallery.

Urban maintains that the fact that man loves company so much is merely due to the law of gravity, and Gabriel adds that the attraction increases in proportion to the time two persons have been absent.

Engesser avers that sound travels at the rate of about three feet a minute; his calculations are based on the fact that the sound of the bell rung at five A. M. reaches his ear only at fifteen past five.

"Meseems", said Rohrkemper the other day, "our bell in the study hall don't harmonize any longer." "You're right," replied Finski, "just listen to the one in the refectory and you will hear how flat ours sounds."

Considering that this is the month of November, it is pleasing to see so many students, instead of enjoying their recreation to the full, repair to the chapel every evening, there to offer up the incense of prayer for the cause of the suffering souls.

The second class in English Literature has lately taken up the study of Shakespeare. It is only now they realize that they are studying literature. The class has already become so enamored of the thousand-souled poet that they are ever wishing for Saturday which is set apart for reading his plays,

Father Maximilian's class in poetics is ardently wooing the muses. Poetical diamonds are now made "while you wait" and rare gems weekly adorn the professor's table. It is expected that the COLLEGIAN will be fortunate enough to receive an occasional contribution from the class.

From our Major's biography of Caesar: "This renowned man held the office of Certior in the Roman army and he seems to have been proud of the title; for ever and anon we read in his Commentaries, Caesar cum certior factus est, etc."

The last addition given to our reading-table is the "La Verite" of Quebec. The paper is beginning to be diligently read by the lovers of "la langue francaise," and the Columbians express their thanks to Father Bonaventure for his kind donation.

The students in Modern History class are at present writing essays to be read in the class-room, which will certainly prove a powerful stimulus the more diligently and attentively to listen to the instructions and interesting tales of Clio.

The long looked for hand-ball alley at last stands completed at the western margin of the campus. The boys have been so pleased with the new project that even while the carpenters were yet engaged at its completion they would toss the ball on all sides of it, and now the mania for this sport has become so

general that even the outer wings are used for the game. That the boys appreciate this kindness of the Faculty is expressing it mildly.

At a recent meeting of the Boniface Literary Society, it was decided to render the well known play "William Tell" some time after the holidays. The society has some very able members and we hope the boys will be successful in bringing out the true merits of the distinguished play. The Spiritual Director, Father Clement, will conduct the rehearsals.

Amidst the confusion and enthusiasm of last month's Columbian-Field Day celebration we received an anonymous message of congratulation from St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, O., which was credited to Mr. J. B. Fitzpatrick in our last issue. We have since learned that former Adjutant, T. M. Conroy, had sprung the joyful surprise on us. Captain Fitzpatrick had previously congratulated the students by letter.

During the first days of November the second Greek class was introduced to the celebrated ancient general Xenophon. Many have already begun to follow him courageously on the perilous track of the ten thousand, while a few exclaimed: "Dark, dark, dark: amid the blaze of noon." We are confident, however, that soon the bright light of sunny Greece will dispel this temporary mist, and animate the whole class to follow the Grecian hero with the same enthusiasm which they last year evinced in the company of Caesar in Gaul.

The feast of All Saints was observed at the College with great solemnity. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at eight o'clock with Father Clement as celebrant, Father Eugene deacon, Father Chrysostom subdeacon, and Father Bonaventure master of ceremonies. Father Maximilian preached the sermon. The altars were profusely decorated with

blooming plants, from which peered forth numerous burning candles flickering in the incensed air. The choir under the direction of Father Benedict, did nobly in the rendition of "Missa de Cruce" by Ignatius Mitterer, and "Justorum animae" by Franz Koenen, at the offertory. During the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament at the evening services the choir rendered the solemn Eucharistic Hymn, "Lauda Sion," by C. Jasper; "Tantum Ergo," by A. Gerum; "Adoremus in aeternum," and Laudate "Dominum," by M. Haller.

It has been said that a person who is chatting with his neighbor during an entertainment betrays a lack of good taste. This is very true, and we may add that he lacks good manners in the same degree. If any entertainment be rendered, be it literary, musical, military, or of whatever nature, the performer has a full claim to our attention for the reason that he is entertaining us, or at least is trying to do so; just as well as if he had a personal or private chat with us. Now if any man gives his attention to anything else or to any other person but the one appearing on the stage, he violates the actor's personal rights, all the same whether the party in question be superior or inferior to him. And more than this. Any body causing disturbance by such an ungentlemanlike behavior withdraws also the attention of others from the performer and thus shows public disrespect towards him. Moreover, he commits a breach of good manners against every person attending such an entertainment in a gentlemanly way.

Among the many salutary regulations made at the beginning of the present scholastic year, there is one which has been taken up with a special readiness and has been punctually observed by the majority of the students. It is one regulating our speech. The study of the German language being obligatory—

we are speaking of the students C. P. P. S. of the south-side study-hall—our Spiritual Director has found it expedient to make it a rule that German should be spoken during the hours of recreation in the forenoon. The propriety of adopting such a measure will at once be seen. Though the German, we admit, will in course of time lose its footing as a current dialect in our country, it is nevertheless well worth studying; for everyone that has studied German Literature admits that this language possesses a richness of thought and a depth of philosophy, which makes it vie with the classic languages of old. Now, it is very often urged against it that the study of German is extremely difficult, having nearly all the classic features which characterize the former languages without however possessing those exact rules that facilitate the study of them, as for instance, the Latin. This difficulty is almost entirely removed by practice. By hearing the language spoken correctly and by one's own practice, knowledge of grammar is acquired almost unconsciously, and more benefit can be derived from practical application than from merely theoretical knowledge, be it ever so perfect. The wholesome effects have already been made evident at the last monthly examinations.

We are happy, indeed, to welcome a lengthy letter from our genial old-time collegiate friend, Mr. Seimetz, who is now completing his studies at St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagen, O. We are sorry, however, that space will not permit us to produce the entire contents of the letter, and we ask his friends to content themselves with the parts which we deemed the most interesting: "A belief has perhaps insinuated itself that I and my fellow classmates have forgotten the Columbian Society and are treating our Alma Mater with inattention; abandon this thought if ever you have entertained it, for before we left the portals of the college and bade her a tempo-

rary adieu we plucked, in token of fidelity, the little forget-me-not which we shall never permit to wither. When my thoughts float over to Collegeville on the glib surface of space, they are sure to invade the affairs of the C. L. S. * * * I have always cherished the Collegian as an inestimable treasure, but now I hail it more than ever, for it is the medium through which I obtain information regarding our Alma Mater as well as the Alumni. I was pleased to observe that our poet-laureate emerged from the depth of philosophy and again struck up the lyre. His poem recalled to my mind the time when I held the fort in the study-hall in defense of pesky spit-ball masticators. I am glad that the long latent talent of the 'Deutsche Maenner' finally ventures to come to the surface. I had the pleasure of witnessing a program rendered by this society when she yet wore her swaddling clothes. I was at once convinced that their then sullen whispers would in course of time be converted into volleying thunders; but little did I dream that this society would so soon elicit the admiration of the public. Scarcely one year has elapsed since its organization, and behold the result of ambition and zeal! A most interesting article on the last page of the November Collegian entitled, Kneipp's Malz Kaffee. The pseudonym Sandusky adopted by the author is passable; prompted by modesty he would not have his genuine name known, but Sandusky is intimation enough. Ed, you need not hesitate to sign your name to an article like that * * * I extend my congratulations to the Blues upon their victory over the Rensselaer team. I never chased the pigskin very much (though it often chased me); I see no extraordinary feat in carrying the pigskin over the goal. I once carried not only the pigskin, but the pig with it over the fence. I do not know to what position this would entitle me in a team, not half back I am sure, perhaps full-back; no, back full I guess. Since there

is a relation existing between myself and the Aloysian Society, I congratulate the little wide-awakes upon their noted progress. I have the best of wishes for this society, as well as for the C. L. S. and therefore express them here in the words of poet Denis: "Vivat, Crescat, John Scot".

CLASS HONORS.

The following students have merited honorable distinction by attaining the highest percentage in their respective classes during the month of October.

NORMAL COURSE.

Grammar, J. Boeke, *ex aequo*, H. Reichert.

Geography,—J. Boeke.

Physiology,—J. Boeke.

Psychology,—J. Boeke.

U. S. History,—J. Boeke.

Civil Government,—C. Didier.

Music,—J. Steinbrunner.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Penmanship,—J. Reifers, *ex aequo*, E. Schweitzer, W. Arnold.

Book-Keeping, —G. Diefenbach,

Book-Keeping and Commercial Law,

Class I.—J. Reifers, *ex aequo*, C. Crusey.

Class II.—G. Aug.

Class III.—J. Engesser, *ex aequo*, C. Didier.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Latin II.—R. Monin.

“ III.—D. Neuschwanger, *ex aequo*, Z. Yaeckle, C. Mohr.

Latin IV.—P. Kanney, *ex aequo*, U. Frezer.

Latin V. T. Brackmann, *ex aequo*, V. Krull, G. Cotter.

Latin VI. —J. Connelly, *ex aequo*, G. Hart-

jens.

Greek I.—V. Schuette.

“ II.—D. Brackmann, *ex aequo*, F. Koch.

Greek III.—S. Kuhnmuensch.

English Grammar, I—R. Monin.

“ “ II.—D. Neuschwanger.
Grammar and Rhetoric,—G. Didier, *ex aequo*, P. Kanney.

Rhetoric and Literature,—A. Riester.

Poetry and Literature,—I. Zircher.

German I.—J. Burke.

“ II.—T. Travers, E. Ley.

“ III.—B. Staiert.

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“ V.—V. Schuette.

French I.—D. Brackmann.

“ II.—A. Weyman, *ex aequo*, G. Hartjens.

Religion I.—S. Hartman, *ex aequo*, J. Reifers.

Religion II.—H. Reichert, *ex aequo*, J. Burke, Z. Yaeckle, D. Neuschwanger.

Religion III.—C. Didier, *ex aequo*, C. Crusey, B. Maloy, T. McLoughlin.

Religion IV.—D. Brackmann.

Bible History I.—R. Peele.

“ “ II.—R. Monin.

Geography I.—H. Kalvelage.

“ II. H. Seiferle, *ex aequo*, C. Mohr.

Modern History,—A. Riester, *ex aequo*, T. Travers, G. Cotter, P. Sailer.

U. S. History,—T. McLoughlin, *ex aequo*, D. Neuschwanger.

Arithmetic I.—E. Kiely.

“ II.—C. Rohrkemper.

“ III.—D. Neuschwanger.

Algebra I.—T. Kraemer.

“ II.—J. Engesser, *ex aequo*, J. Boeke, P. Kanney.

Algebra III.—T. Brackmann, *ex aequo*, D. Brackmann.

Geometry I.—A. Riester, *ex aequo*, J. Burke, D. Brackmann.

Geometry II.—F. Koch.

Chemistry,—G. Heimburger, ex aequo,
E. Walters.

Natural Philosophy.—A. Riester, ex aequo,
J. Engesser, T. Brackmann.

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